

## A "BENDEL" MODEL.



## TWO LITTLE BROWN BOOTS

Graham Fortescue was standing in the passage gazing meditatively at a pair of tiny brown boots outside the door of bedroom No. 47. He had arrived at the Beau Rivage, Lucerne, the evening before, and was on his way downstairs to breakfast when the boots attracted his attention.

He was a good deal of a dreamer, was Graham, and inclined to speculation about people whom he met and to weaving stories round any of their peculiarities he chanced to notice, and these dainty little boots of polished brown leather with the curious kick in his imagination the promise of a dainty little lady of refinement whose acquaintance ought to be well worth making. He had forgotten all about his breakfast and was lost in admiration of the boots when the door of No. 47 opened slightly, a shapely hand and arm peeped out, and as the owner of them reached down for her property, Graham caught sight of a thick wisp of dark-brown hair with golden glints in it, of long eyelashes, and of a dimpled cheek.

He knew, of course, that it was quite ridiculous, but still the vision of that shapely hand and arm and the remembrance of those tiny boots quite spoiled his appetite for the Swiss rolls and mountain honey, and caused his coffee to get cold before he drank it.

Five minutes after, with a blush that would have done no shame to the cheek of a youth of one-and-twenty, he was inquiring at the desk as to the identity of the fair denizen of No. 47.

"It is empty, sir, Mlle. de Reol and her aunt, who occupied it, have just left for Andermatt."

Graham spent a wretched afternoon, and though he had intended staying in Lucerne at least a week, when evening came the knowledge that there was a train which would enable him to make the Andermatt connection and get there that night became too much for him, and so he left.

At Andermatt, after he had been to three hotels and searched the registers, he found the name for which he had been hunting at the Krone. But Mlle. de Reol and her aunt, the Comtesse de Chalmel, had gone on to the Furka, and with a muttered exclamation at the persistence of his ill luck, Graham, after a hasty luncheon, sought the afternoon diligence and followed them.

The day had been quite warm at Andermatt, but on the Furka, when they got there about 7 o'clock, Graham and his fellow travelers found themselves wrapped in heavy clouds discharging icy moisture, and were cold and hungry. Dinner and a bed interested Graham Fortescue more than anything else, and he had secured the dainty boots before a bedroom door as he was taken to his own.

He slept late, for the walk to Andermatt and the drive through the clouds had tired him, and when he went down to breakfast he saw that the brown boots had disappeared. They and their owner were in the breakfast room, nor were they on the stretch of road in front of the hotel. Mlle. de Reol and her aunt had gone on by the early stage to Gletsch, and there would be no other stage until the afternoon.

"Walk down."

"Oh, yes; the walk down was a steep but very pleasant one, and monsieur would have a splendid view of the Rhone glacier as he went."

At Gletsch he found there was but one hotel, the huge Hotel du Glacier du Rhone, with its two big towers, and its twentieth century comfort, but caught no glimpse of the enchantress, who, like some modern wife-of-the-king, was leading him across the valleys and mountains of Switzerland. On his way to bed again, however, wandering along the passages of the great hotel, he saw her boots; not brown ones this time, but green shagreen leather, yet daintily and unmistakably her boots, before the door of No. 42. There was another pair of boots beside them this time—great boots with nails in them, almost a man's boots, he thought, with a shudder. The aunt's, no doubt.

In the morning he had missed Mlle. de Reol and her aunt again. They had taken a private carriage on to the Grimsel, and to Meiringen—a carriage with six horses, and Fortescue's funds did not permit of such a luxury.

He followed them to Meiringen, however, by the post, and missed them there again. He missed them at Interlaken, only to learn when he had hunted up their names at every possible hotel—and there are at least thirty first-class hotels there—that the two ladies had gone on to Paris, and there, of course, to find them would be quite impossible.

He spent the evening debating what he meant to do, and finally, although he meant to laugh at the absurdity, he left for Paris the next morning, attracted thither like the needle of a compass by the arrival of Graham and his after-dinner observations at the Cafe de la Paix, Jacques de Brimand, a comrade

of the old art student days whom he had not seen for years, came up and greeted him. Jacques was in evening dress and "dressed" that he could not spend what was left of the evening with his old friend, but he had an engagement to take tea with old friends of his family, the Comtesse de Chalmel and her son charming niece, who had just returned from Switzerland. There was no need for de Brimand to tell Graham Fortescue that last place of news, and it was with quite unusual bashfulness and color reddening his already sunburned face he suggested that perhaps his friend, Brimand, might take him with him and present him to the countess and her niece.

And an hour later Graham Fortescue was being introduced to Mlle. de Reol, her niece, but as he bowed over the dimpled hand of Mlle. de Reol, a certain grace and a heart hurt him. Those were not the feet which had been seen in the brown bootlets of his dream. For Mlle. de Reol, charming though she was, wore what the trade would call smart shoes, and peeping out on to the footstool in front of the countess' armchair was a dainty red Morocco slipper.

The house—the brown boots and the boots of green shagreen—upon which Graham had built up a whole romance, he learned, were not his own. The countess, the objectionable, homely ones must have been Lucie de Reol's.

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English Liberals, having, for the first time in years the prospect of success, are again offering their services to the cause of the oppressed. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's decision to leave the Liberal party and join the Labour party, has been a great blow to the Liberal cause. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's decision to leave the Liberal party and join the Labour party, has been a great blow to the Liberal cause.

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"Tempted by the sight and smell, the farmer's wife gradually yields, and at length downs a glass and asks for two or three more. The son with the daddle has an intuition that there is hilarity going on downstairs, and he comes to scrape the waiting strings and descends to claim his share.

"That quiet, peaceful picture of half an hour ago is turned into a wild revel. Youth forgets itself—old age becomes reckless. The pitcher is emptied only to be promptly refilled, and when eight or ten quarts have been disposed of Satan himself enters the room to make the fourth person present.

"He tempts the old farmer to charge his wife with wearing out two pairs of shoes in the last three years, and to twist her of a fiendish desire to send him to the poorhouse. She retorts by charging him with stinginess and parsimony, and they are soon clasped each other in a warm embrace.

"Then the son takes a hand in. He has never been so drunk in his life, but of July celebration. He has simply been kept holed from January to December without a break to go fishing or see a balloon ascension. He was permitted to buy a fiddle and scrape on it solely in hopes that he might drive the mice and rats out of the house. Under the excitement of drink he now demands \$14 per month and board and washing as a hired man, and, failing to get it, he will run away and become a cowboy or a pirate. Even if he gets it, he wastes a Saturday holiday and every Sunday evening to go and spend his time.

"My dear friends, must I tell you what follows? I feel that I must, but it is with an aching heart, and such of you as are overcome by your feelings and are obliged to go out doors to get your breath back, will be excused for the same.

"That hard elder has got in his fiendish work. The son forgets that he is a son—the father and mother that they are parents and husband and wife. They jaw; they wrangle; they call names, they shake their fists under each other's noses, and Satan stands there and smiles and urges them on.

"Suddenly the wife and mother makes a grab for her husband's gray locks, and the scrap is on. There is kicking and biting and hair pulling between the three for a few minutes, and then they separate for more murderous work. The wife remembers that the butcher knife is lying on the kitchen table where she left it after slicing the pork for breakfast. The father remembers that the newly sharpened axe is at the door, and the son brought the family crowbar down stairs with him when he came, thinking it might be required to poke the fire. Two minutes later the wife is armed and dashing into the conflict, and there is a ha, ha, ha! from Satan as the sharp steel cuts and the crowbar bruises.

"I am here among you to speak on a matter closely concerning your physical and moral welfare. I may say that it concerns your present happiness and your future state of bliss. I am no temperance fanatic, who would burst in all the doors of the breweries and smash the kegs of beer which causes brother to strike brother and sister to pull sister's hair. It is that sleek, sly, artful and invidious beverage known as hard cider. You will be surprised, as others have been, to hear that it is like a serpent, and stings like an adder, but wait until you hear what I have to say.

"Let me draw you an every-day picture—a picture to be met with at thousands of firesides every evening in the week, and I trust that some few of you at least will be affected to tears. If so, I shall be somewhat consoled at the fact that the receipts of the house this evening are only 40 cents in cash.

"The farmer's toil for the day is over. His beasts of burden have gone to their feed and rest, and he has finished his supper and sat down to look over the family almanac and see when the next call moon is due. His wife takes up her knitting, his son retires to the garret to scrape the diddle, and the cat stretched out on the hearth-rug and is glad that she is still alive. It is a quiet, peaceful scene, and the most cold-blooded villain could not look upon it without remembering the man, if the tariff situation should fail to produce a Liberal leader, or Liberal coherence and aggression a compromise, under Mr. Balfour or Mr. Wyndham, not conceivable, until Mr. Chamberlain has carried to victory or defeat his energetic fight with British faith. Financial genius, popularity, and the Liberal cause, are all in the hands of one man. One with Gladstone's debating power and mastery of figures would eagerly combat the doughty Chamberlain and probably unhorse him. The king, Conservative in his sympathies, will have much influence as long as statesmen wander expectantly waiting for a Moses. The Boer war called forth no one worthy to do battle with Mr. Chamberlain, and the present issue may end in victory for his cause through the death of strong opposing warriors. Religion with public conviction admitted against him, he would have had work against a fighter of his class. A

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"The farmer's toil for the day is over. His beasts of burden have gone to their feed and rest, and he has finished his supper and sat down to look over the family almanac and see when the next call moon is due. His wife takes up her knitting, his son retires to the garret to scrape the diddle, and the cat stretched out on the hearth-rug and is glad that she is still alive. It is a quiet, peaceful scene, and the most cold-blooded villain could not look upon it without remembering the man, if the tariff situation should fail to produce a Liberal leader, or Liberal coherence and aggression a compromise, under Mr. Balfour or Mr. Wyndham, not conceivable, until Mr. Chamberlain has carried to victory or defeat his energetic fight with British faith. Financial genius, popularity, and the Liberal cause, are all in the hands of one man. One with Gladstone's debating power and mastery of figures would eagerly combat the doughty Chamberlain and probably unhorse him. The king, Conservative in his sympathies, will have much influence as long as statesmen wander expectantly waiting for a Moses. The Boer war called forth no one worthy to do battle with Mr. Chamberlain, and the present issue may end in victory for his cause through the death of strong opposing warriors. Religion with public conviction admitted against him, he would have had work against a fighter of his class. A

quaffed with chuckles of satisfaction between every swallow.

"Tempted by the sight and smell, the farmer's wife gradually yields, and at length downs a glass and asks for two or three more. The son with the daddle has an intuition that there is hilarity going on downstairs, and he comes to scrape the waiting strings and descends to claim his share.

"That quiet, peaceful picture of half an hour ago is turned into a wild revel. Youth forgets itself—old age becomes reckless. The pitcher is emptied only to be promptly refilled, and when eight or ten quarts have been disposed of Satan himself enters the room to make the fourth person present.

"He tempts the old farmer to charge his wife with wearing out two pairs of shoes in the last three years, and to twist her of a fiendish desire to send him to the poorhouse. She retorts by charging him with stinginess and parsimony, and they are soon clasped each other in a warm embrace.

"Then the son takes a hand in. He has never been so drunk in his life, but of July celebration. He has simply been kept holed from January to December without a break to go fishing or see a balloon ascension. He was permitted to buy a fiddle and scrape on it solely in hopes that he might drive the mice and rats out of the house. Under the excitement of drink he now demands \$14 per month and board and washing as a hired man, and, failing to get it, he will run away and become a cowboy or a pirate. Even if he gets it, he wastes a Saturday holiday and every Sunday evening to go and spend his time.

"My dear friends, must I tell you what follows? I feel that I must, but it is with an aching heart, and such of you as are overcome by your feelings and are obliged to go out doors to get your breath back, will be excused for the same.

"That hard elder has got in his fiendish work. The son forgets that he is a son—the father and mother that they are parents and husband and wife. They jaw; they wrangle; they call names, they shake their fists under each other's noses, and Satan stands there and smiles and urges them on.

"Suddenly the wife and mother makes a grab for her husband's gray locks, and the scrap is on. There is kicking and biting and hair pulling between the three for a few minutes, and then they separate for more murderous work. The wife remembers that the butcher knife is lying on the kitchen table where she left it after slicing the pork for breakfast. The father remembers that the newly sharpened axe is at the door, and the son brought the family crowbar down stairs with him when he came, thinking it might be required to poke the fire. Two minutes later the wife is armed and dashing into the conflict, and there is a ha, ha, ha! from Satan as the sharp steel cuts and the crowbar bruises.

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